

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Parce tamen—————TIBUL.



W O L V E R H A M P T O N ;

Printed and sold by G. SMART ; Mr. LONGMAN, Pater-noster-row ;
and Mr. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall, London.

M. DCC. LXIX.

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ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Part 1. ———— Title.



WOLVERHAMPTON;

Printed and sold by G. Smalley, Mr. Lonsdale, Paternoster-row;
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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The B E G G A R.

Et Laris, et Fundi inopemque paterni HOR.

PITY the Sorrows of a poor old Man!

Whose trembling Limbs have borne him to your Door,
Whose Days are dwindled to the shortest Span,
Oh! give Relief---and Heav'n will bless your Store.

These tatter'd Cloaths my Poverty bespeak,
These hoary Locks proclaim my lengthen'd Years,
And many a Furrow in my Grief-worn Cheek
Has been the Channel to a Stream of Tears.

And

A

Yon

Yon House, erected on the rising Ground,
 With tempting Aspect drew me from my Road,
 For Plenty there a Residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent Abode.

(Hard is the Fate of the infirm, and poor!)
 Here craving for a Morfel of their Bread,
 A pamper'd Menial forc'd me from the Door,
 To seek a Shelter in an humbler Shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable Dome,
 Keen blows the Wind, and piercing is the Cold!
 Short is my Passage to the friendly Tomb,
 For I am poor---and miserably old.

Shou'd I reveal the Source of every Grief,
 If soft Humanity e'er touch'd your Breast,
 Your Hands wou'd not withhold the kind Relief,
 And Tears of Pity could not be repress.

Heav'n sends Misfortunes---why should we repine?
 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the State you see:

And

And your Condition may be soon like mine,
 ---The Child of Sorrow---and of Misery.

A little Farm was my paternal Lot,
 Then like the Lark I sprightly hail'd the Morn;
 But ah! Oppression forc'd me from my Cot,
 My Cattle dy'd, and blighted was my Corn.

My Daughter---once the Comfort of my Age!
 Lur'd by a Villain from her native Home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the World's wide Stage,
 And doom'd in scanty Poverty to roam.

My tender Wife---sweet Soother of my Care!
 Struck with sad Anguish at the stern Decree,
 Fell---ling'ring fell a Victim to Despair,
 And left the World to Wretchedness and me.

Pity the Sorrows of a poor old Man!
 Whose trembling Limbs have borne him to your Door,
 Whose Days are dwindled to the shortest Span,
 Oh! give Relief---and Heav'n will bless your Store.

TO a FEMALE FRIEND, occasioned by the Death of her
FATHER.

PEACE to my DELIA---in whose gentle Breast
No troublous Storms were ever wont to rise;
Oh! may thy trickling Sorrow be repress,
Submissive to the Mandate of the Skies.

Grief is a Thorn that rankles in the Heart,
Despoils the Cheek of Nature's gen'rous Bloom,
Robs the Eye's Radiance of its pointed Dart,
And marks us immaturely for the Tomb.

Thine was a Father---who can say how dear?
Studious for ever of his Children's Weal;
Pay then, Oh Sympathy! the piteous Tear,
Too well I know the Agonies *they* feel.

Shou'd I now see thee in thy lone Retreat,
Steep'd in sad Grief---ah! Grief that once was mine;
Each tender Fibre of my Heart would beat
In melancholy Unison with thine.

But

But let us check the Tide of fruitless Woe,
And still the Outrage of the Bosom's Pain ;
Nature will force some filial Drops to flow,
But Reason says---'Tis impious to complain.

Few Men can boast of such a long Reprieve,
How many wither in their morning Prime ?
He toil'd the Day, and in the tedious Eve
Was wafted gently to a happier Clime.

Tho' the World frown---let not my DELIA fear,
Thine must be Bliss---if Aught is Bliss below ;
She, who to Virtue lends a list'ning Ear,
May smile in Peace upon the deadliest Foe.

Yes sure my DELIA must be doubly blest,
To whom each darling Attribute is giv'n ;
Soft Pity is the Inmate of her Breast,
And Pity is the Favourite of Heav'n.

When Fancy's Eye hath found thee out a Mate,
Such be the Man whom Providence shall send ;

One who will sooth thee in the lowest State,
 The tender FATHER, and the faithful Friend.

A TALE address'd to the Rev. F. B-----

*Nemo potest non beatissimum esse, qui est totus aptus ex sese,
 quique in se uno sua ponit omnia.* TULL.

ALL seek with Eagerness---but few can find
 The sweet Possession of a peaceful Mind;

A peaceful Mind--- which can alone bestow

A Taste of genuine Happiness below.

For *this*---we walk along the breezy Shade

Where mimic Art, and Nature are display'd,

Where Fancy wanders with a wild Surprise,

And painted Visions dance before our Eyes:

Hence we pursue the tedious Quest of Gain,

And calmly bear the Rigors of the Main,

Brave the grim Fury of the northern Blast,

And think our Wishes shall be crown'd at last,

Alas! in vain to distant Climes we roam,

Peace, would we find it, must be fought at Home.

Thou

Thou too hast long in Secrecy repin'd
 To realize the Phantom of thy Mind,
 For poor indeed, and scanty is thy Pay
 To cheer thee thro' the Labors of the Day;
 But if, *my Friend*, thou art not now content
 With what the Wisdom of the Heav'ns has sent,
 Since 'tis by sage *Philosophy* confest,
 That Wealth is but a gilded Thorn at best,
 Had'st thou the Tenure of thy fancy'd Store,
 Thy Mind wou'd be a Wanderer for more,
 Still wou'd thy Heart unsatisfy'd repine,
 Tho' Streams of rich *Pactolus* shou'd be thine;
 But wou'd'st thou know what Methods will avail
 To make thee happy---listen to my Tale.

A Prelate long with various Cares oppress'd,
 Bore them with Courage, and a peaceful Breast;
 Tho' Malice pointed her envenom'd Dart
 To wound the soft Composure of his Heart,
 Tho' Opposition stop'd him on his Road,
 And check'd the Ardor of his Zeal for God;

He,

He, still directed by a heav'nly Ray,
 Serenely kept the Tenor of his Way.
 A Friend, who long had struggl'd to obtain
 The Prize of cordial Happiness in vain,
 With Heart dejected to the Prelate went,
 Whose Dwelling was the Dwelling of Content;
There hoping he had reach'd the wish'd-for Goal,
 Where he might find a Quietude of Soul,
 Can'st thou, (says he) my reverend Sire, declare,
 What will avail to mitigate Despair?
 How from vain Doubts I may my Bosom free,
 And taste the Sweets of Happiness like thee?
 'Tis easy (says the Prelate) to relate
 How to elude the adverse Strokes of Fate:
Use but thy Eyes aright---and thou wilt see
 But little Reason for Anxiety.
 His Friend amaz'd---still beg'd him to impart
 The hidden Secrets of his wond'rous Art---
 Know then, whate'er *my* Lot, the Prelate cries,
 First I to Heav'n submissive lift my Eyes,

I then

I then remember that my only Care,
 Is for that blisful Region to prepare,
 And tho' I now thro' hostile dangers rove,
 They point the Way to Amity and Love.
 Hence I look down upon the Earth, and find
 This Truth momentous prefs upon my Mind,
 That soon---ah! soon I must resign my Breath,
 And hasten to the dreary Shades of Death,
 And when I in my kindred Dust shall lye,
 Small is the Space that I shall occupy ;
 I look abroad into the World---which shews
 A crowded Scene of complicated Woes,
 Where thousands under heavier Burdens groan,
 And pine in States more wretched than my own.
 Hence am I taught that true substantial Joy
 Finds not a Residence beneath the Sky ;
 I learn where all my Sorrows have an end,
 Tho' Sorrows on Mortality attend ;
 And when I see my Fellow-Creatures Pain,
 My passive Nature ceases to complain.

Go then, *my Friend*, this easy Plan pursue,
And bid to vain Anxiety adieu.

An Epistle to Mr. R. R. a Brother-Collegian, to invite
him in the Vacation to a Christmas Entertainment.

—————*nec dulces Amores*

Sperne, Puer, neque tu Choneas. HOR.

FREED from the Plague of knotty Lectures,
And various Puzzles, and Conjectures,
Where philosophic Noddles soar,
And Regions unexplor'd, explore,
I've now, *Friend Bob*, a Minute's Time
To chain my Thoughts in tinkling Rhyme.
Scatter the Clouds of hippish Sorrow,
And come and dine with me To-morrow;
Why shou'd'st thou strive with eager Pace
To be the foremost in the Race,
Where *alma Mater* holds the * Prize
That animates her Votaries?

* Alluding to the Honors that are given in the University of Cambridge to those that
excell in Philosophy and the Mathematics.

Shall *Parallelograms*, and *Squares*
 Perplex thee with ambitious Cares ?
 Or shall the vast unbounded Mind
 Within a *Circle* be confin'd ?---
 No---rather let us now remember
 It is the Month of cold *December* ;
 Come then in Frolics, and in Play,
 We'll drive the tedious Hours away,
 Exhilarate our torpid Souls,
 And riot o'er the jovial Bowls.
 But first, I beg thee to excuse
 The feeble Flutt'rings of my Muse,
 I hate to think in doggrel Strain,
 ---Take it then smoaking from the Brain :
 How will it every Nerve inspire !
 To sit around a chearful Fire ;
 When driving Hail the Windows batter,
 And whistling *Boreas* makes a Clatter,
 When pinching Frost benumbs the Plains,
 And howling Desolation reigns.

To tell thee then our *Christmas* Cheer,
 We've broach'd a Hogshhead of *March Beer*,
 We've *Mountain*, and the best *red Wine*,
 And *H*---as generous as thine;
 In vain shou'd I attempt to count thee,
 My Mother's num'rous *Kickshaw Bounty*,
 But, *Bob*, as far as I am able,
 I'll tell the Dainties of the Table:
 ' Three Capons---delicately fair!
 ' A Ham that's fit for a *Lord May'r*;
 ' A fucking Pig---delicious Meat!
 ' Wou'd almost tempt a Jew to eat;
 ' A Sir-Loin worthy of the Blow,
 ' To which it does its Honor owe;
 ' Whilst each his Plate---six Inches high---
 ' Will fill with Pudding, and Plumb Pye,
 Till Nature sickens at her Store,
 Nor wishes for a Morfel more.
 And now we all begin to chat
 Vociferous of this, and that---

Dive into Politics *profound*,
 And sink in Sense, but rise in Sound :
 Some to amusive Whist inclin'd
 Sit down with thoughtful, pond'ring Mind,
 Or with Tobacco's grateful Fume,
 In copious Clouds obscure the Room ;
 Others in lightsome Mood advance,
 Rejoicing in the mazy Dance,
 And shew by many an active Feat,
 That all their Movements are compleat ;
 This while the merry Bells are ringing,
 And Streets resound with Carrol--singing,
 Each Nymph, and Swain drest *Cap-a-pe*,
 And all a perfect Jubilee.---
 Ah! *Bob*, in this deluding Hour
 'Tis vain to fly from Beauty's Pow'r,
 For Nymphs you'll see of sweetest Grace,
 With magic Lustre in their Face :
 And Pleasures such as these, *my Boy*,
 The Rust of Pedantry destroy,

Awake the most lethargic Heart,

And give a Pulse in every Part.

But Time wou'd fail me to express

The *Christmas* Jests, and Happiness,

A long, and arduous Task to tell,

Therefore in Haste I bid farewell.

COMPASSION TO LORENZO.

Homo sum; humani à me nihil alienum puto.

TER.

LET *Stoicks* with stern Apathy disdain
The Pangs that on Mortality attend ;

Be deaf alike to Pleasure, and to Pain,

And smile upon the Sorrows of a *Friend*.

But with *Compassion* let my Bosom move,

Nor for an *Enemy* with Rancour burn ;

And let the Signature of SOCIAL LOVE

Grace me thro' Life, and decorate my Urn.---

Come

Come then, *sweet Pity*, from the Throne of God,
 And bring a thousand Comforts in thy Train;
 With *me* for ever be thy calm Abode,
 And chear me with the Blessings of thy Reign.

Swift shall my Food the hungry Belly fill,
 And Vigor to the *feeble Knees* bestow---
 Like the pure Stream that issues from yon Hill,
 And spreads Refreshment thro' the Vale below.

In some 'tis plain that Nature's plastic Hand
 Form'd them at first of a more callous Frame;
 But still to *all* she whispers her Command,
 And Nature's *Master* teaches them the same.

The poor, and wretched whom the proud despise,
 To whom no comfortable Boon is giv'n,
 Haply are dearer in their Maker's Eyes,
 And will enjoy a loftier Seat in Heav'n.

If Sense refin'd be thy superior Boast,
 Oh! think from whence the *Emanation* flow'd;

Think

Think---that the *Particle* may soon be lost,
And was for noblest Purposes bestow'd.

If Grandeur spreads her Glitter on thy Board,
And Plenty pours the Bounty of her Horn,
Soon may'st thou quit th' accumulated Hoard,
And be the Child of Poverty, and Scorn.

Shou'd'st thou unmov'd a wretched Object see,
And pour no lenient Oil into his Wound,
From what kind Source wou'd Pity flow to thee
If in the same Distress thou shou'd'st be found?

* When *Storms arise*, and *Floods* of Grief descend,
When blighting Gales of adverse Fortune blow,
Free from Alloy, and gen'rous is the Friend,
Whose willing Hand is open to bestow.

Can'st thou obdurate see *Almeria's* Fate
When Chance directs thee to her mean Abode?
Art thou forgetful of her happier State
Tho' lab'ring now beneath Affliction's Load?

* Cum Deus intonuit non se subducere Nimbo,
Id demum est Pietas, id socialis Amor.

OVID.

Hence then no more let Reason be thy Boast,
 To Reason, and to Nature a Disgrace;
 Better for *thee* to fly to *Afric's* Coast,
 And prowl for ever with thy kindred Race.

True *social Love* is ever unconfin'd---
 So thought an * Emperor of high Renown;
 Hence was he styled the *Darling of Mankind*,
 And was an *Emperor* without his Crown.

The Man that swells with arrogant Disdain,
 Enslav'd by Av'rice, and a vicious Heart,
 Whose Ear is deafen'd to the Complaints of Pain,
 † Feels not the Joys *Compassion* can impart.

* Titus the eleventh Roman Emperor; who, for his great Philanthropy, was styl'd *Amor, & Deliciæ humani Generis*—It is said of him, that upon hearing of the Death of any of his Acquaintance, he us'd immediately to enquire with himself what kind Offices he had done him whilst he liv'd, because it was now no longer in his Power to do him any more—and one Night when he was at Supper, recollecting that he had done Good to Nobody that Day, he said, *Diem perdidi*,

I've lost a Day—the Prince who nobly cri'd
 Had been an Emperor without his Crown. YOUNG.

† Hence may be understood this memorable Saying—"No Music is so pleasing in my Ears as the Requests of my Friends, and the Supplications of those who need my Assistance."

C

Didst

Didst thou, *Lorenzo*, listen to *her* Voice,
 Surely thou woud'st not *butcher* my good Name,
 Thou woud'st not at my Mis'ry rejoice,
 Nor triumph at the Ruins of my Fame.

Woud'st thou, *Lorenzo*, with alluring Bait
 Draw credulous *Melissa* to thy Arms?
 Then leave her mourning (but alas! too late,)
 Her Stain of Honor, and her Blast of Charms.

Thus the hard Rock with feeble flatt'ring Pow'r,
 (For what can stony Barrenness avail?)
 Yields transient Nurture to the sickly Flow'r,
 Then strews it wither'd on the northern Gale.

Shew me the *Man of Pity*---and you'll find
 Unnumber'd Virtues harbour in his Breast;
 Smooth flow his Passions---tranquil is his Mind,
 And sacred Honor is his constant Guest.

True is his Heart---*unmeaning* to deceive,
 With *him* securely I can walk thro' Life;

Nor

Nor shou'd my Property a Wrong receive,
My virgin Daughter---or my faithful Wife---

He draws the modest from their lonely Cells,
To crying Orphans lends a pitying Ear,
The wintry Cold from Nakedness repells,
And stops the Flowing of the Widow's Tear.

Lèt but *feign'd* Sorrow mourn upon the Stage,
And poor *Monimia* tell her Tale of Woe;
Lèt him but hear *Othello's* frantic Rage,
And Streams of *genuine* Tendernefs shall flow.

Shou'd some *Apelles* touch with magic Pow'r,
The doleful Scene of * *Innocence distressed*,
Cou'd he restrain the sympathetic Show'r?
Or cou'd the Sigh of Pity be repress?

If in the Fever of delirious Youth
Thro' Folly's Circle 'tis my Choice to rove:

* Gregory of Nice, after giving a beautiful Description of Abraham going to sacrifice Isaac, has these Words—"I have often cast my Eyes upon a Picture which represents this moving Object, and cou'd never withdraw them without Tears; so well did the Picture represent the Thing itself, even as if the Action was passing before my Sight."

The *Man of Pity* draws the Line of Truth,
And hides my Foibles with the Veil of Love.

Tho' oft embarrass'd with domestic Cares,
How slow to blame, how eager to commend !
His very Brute his fost'ring Kindness shares,
And with Affection owns him for a Friend.

Yet trace his Actions thro' the martial Field ;---
Here, tho' tenacious of the gentlest Laws,
He nobly scorns ingloriously to yield,
But dies intrepid in his Country's Cause.

' Oh for *Compassion* ! thro' the Storms of Life
' To steer my little Vessel to the Shore,
' Where I am rescu'd from the Din of Strife,
' And Disappointments shall torment no more.

' When Sickness shall my tott'ring Frame invade,
' And feeble Nature a Support requires ;
' Let me receive the salutary Aid
' From *him*---whom soft Humanity inspires.

' Such

' Such be the Arm in that tremendous Hour,
 ' In Sympathy to raise my sinking Head,
 ' To fan Devotion's languid Flame---and pour
 ' The cordial Balm of Comfort round my Bed.
 ' Shou'd Friendship's Bosom feel for my Distress,
 ' And heave a Sigh responsive to my Grief,
 ' Methinks the Pang of Sorrow would be less,
 ' And agonizing Pains wou'd find Relief.
 ' But when Disease has brought me to the Grave,
 ' Thus let Affection greet my last Abode :---
 ' When Justice call'd how prone was he to save!
 ' May he receive that Mercy which he shew'd.'



The SPARROW, and HAWK. Address'd to Miss—

AS once with my *Cynthia* I saunter'd along
Where Spring had bedappled the Ground,
Where the Nightingale warbled her *Love-labour'd Song*,
And Nature look'd smiling around.

By Chance a fleet Hawk thro' the Air wing'd his Way,
(How hard is keen Rapine appeas'd !)

When a poor little Sparrow that perch'd on a Spray
By the Tyrant was cruelly seiz'd.

My *Cynthia* like Lightning fled over the Plain,
(Ever prone to relieve the distrest !)

With a Scream chas'd the Hawk ere the Sparrow was slain,
And snatch'd him with Joy to her Breast.

There lodg'd for a while in the safest Retreat,
Where a thousand soft Comforts arise ;
, Cou'd he ever feel Happiness half so compleat
Tho' restor'd to the Range of the Skies ?

Ah

Ah then! cry'd my Soul, if my *Cynthia* but blefs,

Ye Cares, and ye Sorrows adieu---

For surely the *Bosom* that pities Distress

Will never forget to be true.

If Misfortune, or Sicknefs their Woes should impart,

If the Frowns of the World shou'd torment,

How soon wou'd she drive the dark Clouds from my Heart,

And infuse the sweet Balm of Content!

Then grant me, kind Heav'n, my ardent Request,

Oh grant me the Nymph I adore!--

If the Passage of Life with *Cynthia* be blest,

Ambition can crave for no more.



POISSON'S

OSSIAN's Address to the SUN, from FINGAL.

Attempted in BLANK-VERSE.

OH! thou that rollest in the lofty Heav'ns,
 Round as the Shield that erst my Fathers wore:
 Whence dost thou draw the Lustre of thy Beams?
 And where is thy eternal Source of Light?
 Thou in thy awful Beauty comest forth,
 And the Stars hide themselves amidst thy Blaze:
 The languid Moon with Aspect cold, and pale,
 Sinks in the Bosom of the western Wave;
 But thou thyself movest alone, Oh Sun!
 Who can attend thee in thy swift Career?
 The solid Oaks that tow'r upon the Mountains
 Yield prostrate Homage to the Monarch-Time,
 The Mountains totter, and decay with Years,
 Tho' fixt for Ages on the firmest Base;
 The tumid Ocean shrinks, and grows again,
 The Moon herself is lost within the Heav'ns:

But

But thou, Oh Sun ! for ever art the same,
 Rejoicing in the Brightness of thy Course :
 When Tempests darken, and appall the World,
 When Thunder rolls, and Lightning wings its Way,
 Thou in thy Beauty lookest from the Clouds,
 And laughest at the Terrors of the Storm :
 But ah ! to *Ossian*---'tis in vain thou lookest,
 For he beholds thy chearful Beams no more :
 Whether thy yellow Hair on eastern Clouds
 Resplendent flows---or at the Eve of Day
 Thou tremblest at the Portals of the West ;
 But thou perchance like *me* art for a Season,
 And Time shall put a Period to *thy* Years :
 Thou in thy Clouds perhaps shalt one Day sleep,
 Careless for ever of the Morn's sweet Voice ;
 Exult then, Oh thou Sun ! in youthful Strength,
 Age is unlovely, desolate, and dark,
 'Tis like the feeble Splendor of the Moon
 That shines thro' broken Clouds, when rising Mist

D

Enwraps

Enwraps the Hills, and blots them from the Sight,
 When the North-Blast is howling on the Plain,
 When in his Journey shrinks the Traveller,
 Weary, and half Way distant from his Home.



The

The ADDRESS which was spoken by one of the Cha-

rity-Children at the Anniversary Meeting at W Washington

S H A L L Charity with liberal Hand

Her genial Gifts bestow ?

And shall my raptur'd Bosom cease

With Gratitude to glow ?

Ungrateful shall my Tongue forbear

Your Bounty to reveal ?

Whilst God, who gives me Pow'r to think,

Shall give me Pow'r to feel.

'Tis by *your* Aid that I am taught

To walk in Virtue's Road ;

And shun the flow'ry Paths of Vice

That lead me from my God.

'Tis Vice that with unerring Dart

Can give a deadly Blow :

What Thanks shoud then be paid to those

That snatch me from the Foe ?

'Tis *you* that with paternal Care

Conduct me on my Way,

Along the darken'd Vale of Life,

And point eternal Day.

But shoud the World's encircling Snares

Betray my giddy Youth :

You stand uncharg'd---who train'd my Mind

To Rectitude, and Truth.

Thus tho' the Hand that fixt my Lot

A scanty Boon has giv'n :

'Tis *you* direct the Means to gain

The boundless Stores of Heav'n.

Oh ! may each Minute of your Days

In Scenes of Transport fly !

Till Justice bids the Curtain drop,

And gives you endless Joy.

But

But chiefly shall my ardent Soul
His sovereign Goodness shew,
 Who touch'd your Hearts, and bid the Stream
 Of Charity to flow.

For ever may *his* Name be blest,
 As 'tis in Realms above ;
 For Angels spend ambrosial Hours
 In Songs of Praise, and Love.

That Breath which gracious Heav'n affords,
 Let us in Thanks restore ;
 And, whilst we on its Mercies live,
 Submissively adore.

Glory to God---who sits enthron'd
 Above the starry Frame ;
Glory to God--- with general Joy,
 Let Nature's Voice proclaim.

C H E A R F U L N E S S.

*Æquam memento Rebus in arduis**Servare Mentem non secus in bonis**Ab insolenti temperatam**Lætitiâ*—————*HOR.*

COME thou kind Soother of the drooping Heart,
 Oh *Chearfulness* ! and smoothe the Brow of Care :

'Tis thine a healthful Vigor to impart,
 Attune the Soul, and lift it from Despair.

Envy, nor Luxury with *me* shall dwell,
 Nor shall Ambition dissipate my Rest :

Virtue, and Temperance shall grace my Cell,
 And be Companions to so fair a Guest.

The Bosom that is chearful, and at Ease,
 Is grateful for each Favor that is giv'n :---

And pleases *Him* whom it was form'd to please,
 The gracious, and the bounteous LORD of Heav'n.

Look

Look thro' Creation's Circle---and you'll see
 That all Things *here* for Pleasure were design'd :
 All bear the Stamp of the divine Decree,
 To banish Sorrow, and to blefs Mankind.

Yon rolling Orb, whose penetrating Ray
 Bids the grim Horrors of the Night depart,
 Revives us with the Blessing of the Day,
 And gives a Sunshine to the gloomiest Heart.

Nature has cloath'd the Earth with vivid * Green
 To chear the languid Organs of the Sight ;
 And scatter'd round a sweetly-vari'd Scene ;
 Where every Sense is ravish'd with Delight.

Hence the gay Jessamine, and the new-blown Rose,
 A rich Repast of od'rous Charms afford ;
 And hence the Vine with luscious Juice o'erflows,
 To crown the Pleasures of the festive Board.

* It is observ'd, by that great Philosopher Sir Isaac Newton, that the Rays that produce in us the Idea of Green, fall upon the Eye in such a due Proportion, that they give the animal Spirits their proper Play, and by keeping up the Struggle in a just Ballance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable Sensation.

The feather'd Choir that wing the liquid Air,
 And chaunt their Sonnets to the dusky Grove,
 Delight the Eye, dispel corrosive Care,
 Or sooth the Ear of melancholy Love.

The limpid River that meand'ring flows,
 And bids the Meadows, and the Vallies smile;
 The dripping Fount a genial Rill bestows,
 And cheers the Fancy as it cheers the Soil.

And not alone those Forms of happier View,
 Where Beauty shines in delicate Attire,
 Each random Stroke which Nature's Pencil drew
 Can calm the Breast, and peaceful Thoughts inspire.

Yon craggy Steep (where frowns the mould'ring Tow'r,
 Where Heaps of rude Deformity are found,
 Where the Owl screeches at the midnight Hour)
 Spreads pleasing Terror, and Amazement round.

The rugged Rock, whose Basis can sustain
 The Ocean's Fury, and the sweeping Wind:

The

The hoary Mount impending o'er the Plain,
And barren Defarts recreate the Mind.

But bear me to *Theffalia's* blooming Vale,
Where *Ossa*, and *Olympus* pierce the Sky---
Where sylvan Scenes the mental Taste regale,
And wake the Bosom to elysian Joy.

Here twines the Ivy round the branchy Trees,
Here Nymphs, and Fauns their choral Gambols play,
Here flow'ring Smilax wantons in the Breeze,
And circling Warblers harmonize the Day.

* The soft *Peneus* glides along the Plains,
The waving Bow'rs their subtle Sweets diffuse,
The jocund Shepherd tunes his artless Strains,
And the fair Morn is deck'd with glittering Dews.

Hail blisful Residence of downy Peace!
Hail sacred Source of undisturb'd Repose!---

* *Ælian*, in his beautiful Description of *Tempe*, says, that the River *Peneus* flows like Oil, but very different are the Accounts which are given by *Livy*, and *Ovid*.

'Tis thine to bid the harsh Sensation cease,
And, like *Nepenthe*, mitigate our Woes.

---Tho' plac'd in a probationary Clime,
Where constant Danger menaces our Frame;
Say, why should Gaiety be deem'd a Crime,
When Saints, and Martyrs have indulg'd the same.

What--tho' Religion with her Clarion-Voice
In Life's dread Warfare calls us to contend,
She kindly bids the tim'rous Heart rejoice,
And strive for Honors that will never end.

One fatal Enemy shou'd damp our Joy:
If Sin shall rule us with despotic Sway,
If from the Monster we reluctant fly,
'Tis Folly---or 'tis Madness to be gay.

'Tis nought but *this* shou'd greatly daunt the Heart,
Not Age, nor Sickness, nor acutest Pain;---
E'en Tyrant-Death with his terrific Dart
The good Man may with *Cheerfulness* sustain.

Vain

Vain shall the impious range the World around,
And search for *Cheerfulness* a thousand Ways :
Vain shall be mov'd by *Concord of sweet Sound*,
Or blown to Rapture by the Breath of Praise.

What if they court the Transports of the Chase,
When from the Mountain peeps the blushing Morn,
When Nature's Current springs into their Face,
And the Woods echo with the founding Horn.

What if they fly to Pleasure's soft'ning Bow'r,
Where madd'ning Riot quaffs the sparkling Bowl,
Where *Bacchus*' Sons protract the sportive Hour,
And quench their native Dignity of Soul.

All is not *Cheerfulness* that wears her Form---
Tho' placid Smiles may gleam upon the Face,
Still may the Heart be blacken'd by a Storm,
Or tortur'd by the Pressure of Disgrace.

Let in the Bosom transient Raptures roll,
And the Air ring with pealing Notes of Joy,

Still may they feel an Agony of Soul,
And frequent heave the melancholy Sigh.

Haply each Comfort of their Life is fled,
And Grief torments them with her festering Thorn;
Loft is the tender Partner of their Bed,
Or some proud *Lydia* treats them with her Scorn.

* How hard the bitter Sorrow to allay!
How hard to veil the temporary Gloom!
When cruel Fate has torn a Sire away,
And snatch'd a Sister to the dreary Tomb.

But he, whom Virtue's sacred Charms engage,
Tho' for a Time the Child of Fortune's Sport,
Tho' gently ruffled by the Tempest's Rage,
Is sure at last to have a tranquil Port.

* The Author here speaks from sad Experience—having had the Misfortune of losing an affectionate Father and Sister—the latter of whom was suddenly taken off by the Hand of Providence when Preparation was making for her Wedding. —

Turn hopeless Thought! turn from her: Thought repell'd
Repenting rallies, and wakes every Woe.
Snatch'd ere thy Prime! and in thy bridal Hour,
And when kind Fortune with thy Lover smil'd,
And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening Joys,
'And when blind Man pronounc'd thy Bliss compleat.

YOUNG.

'Tis

'Tis Virtue a perennial Grace bestows,
 And bids the Bosom with sweet Peace to move ;
 Paints on my *Cynthia's* Cheek the opening Rose,
 And decks her with the dimpling Smiles of Love.

'Tis *this* that like the steady solar Light,
 Sparkles for ever in *Palæmon's* Eyes,
 Chafes the Darkneſs of Affliction's Night,
 And cheers him when a thousand Foes ariſe.

Oh ! grant *me* then a Conſcience that is clear,
 Free from the latent Stain of cankering Sin,
 Then, tho' an outward Sorrow may appear,
 'Tis mine to harbour *Cheerfulneſs* within.



A CAUTION, Inscib'd to a noted DEBAUCHEE.

— *longa est Injuria.* — VIRG.

VILLAIN withhold thy ruthless Hand,

And spare a tender Maid---

Let Reason's sovereign Command,

And Virtue's Voice persuade.

Ah! check betimes thy impious Flame,

Nor spoil a virgin Rose---

Give not a Wound to spotless Fame,

Which Time can never close.

Woud'st thou *Florella's* Peace destroy,

And pierce her Breast with Care?

Or blast a Parent's opening Joy?---

---Thou Murderer forbear!

Poor is the Conquest to prevail

O'er feeble Innocence :---

---None but a Coward woud assail

A Fort without Defence.---

Shoud

Shoud I thy Sister's Charms invade,

And equal Pangs impart :

Woud'st thou not seize th' avenging Blade,

And strike me to the Heart ?---

Had'st thou a Daughter who could boast

A Life devoid of Stain ;

Say, could'st thou brook that Glory lost

Without the keenest Pain ?

Coud'st thou elude the foul Disgrace ?

Or hide the flagrant Sin ?

When Conscience stamps it on thy Face,

And shews the Pang within.

How little to *Florella's* Breast

Woud Lenitives avail !

She walks in roseate Paths opprest,

Nor tastes the vernal Gale.

What tho' she haunts the silent Grove

Where Flow'rs, and Herbs abound ;

No

No Herb is *here* for flighted Love,

No Flow'r, like Virtue, found.

Alas! in vain she seeks Relief,

(Immers'd in Nature's Gloom,)

And haply by her inward Grief,

She finds an early Tomb.

Thus the sweet Lilly on the Plain,

That late its Charms display'd,

By furious Winds, and driving Rain,

Is blasted, and decay'd.---

Poor artless Maids! unus'd to Guile,

How little do you know!

What Treachery lurks beneath a Smile,

What Bosom hides a Foe.

Quick then, ye Fair! the Traytor fly,

And dread the baleful Stain---

Think---that a momentary Joy

May give an Age of Pain.

To

* To MISS —————

Me neque amare aliam, neque ab hac desistere fas est,
 CYNTHIA *prima fuit.* ————— PROPERT.

HOW shall the Muse my *Cynthia's* Ear address,
 Or paint the Graces of: the peerless Maid?

When Color fails her Tincture to express,
 And sick'ning Language lends a feeble Aid.

Fair is thy Form---but fairer is thy Mind,
 Smooth flows thy Temper like yon marble Stream,
 To prudent Affability inclin'd,
 And Pity is the Subject of thy Theme.

When thou art thus presented to my View,
 In Robes of native Delicacy drest,
 Courteous, forgiving, generous, and true,
 How dies Ambition in my peaceful Breast!

* Wrote when a temporary Shyness subsisted between the Author, and the Object of his Affections——It may be proper to observe that a mutilated Copy of this Poem was ungenerously inserted in a public Paper, and in the London Magazine, without the Consent, or Knowledge of the Author.

Give me but *Cynthia*, and yon humble Cot,
 Where a few harmless Sheep are grazing round,
 Far---far before a Palace be my Lot,
 If in the Palace *Cynthia* be not found.

How limited the Mind of soft Content !
 The Calls of Nature but a Pittance crave,
 Let us enjoy what Heav'n has kindly sent,
 The Paths of Grandeur lead but to the Grave.

Ah ! what is Life without the Joys of Love,
 How heavily my Moments roll along !
 Ye best can tell, ye Mansions of the Grove !
 That nightly echo to my plaintive Song.

Hail happy Grove ! where I was wont to stray
 In social Converse with my *Cynthia* join'd ;
 Or idly pass the sultry Hours away,
 Beneath your close-entwisted Shades reclin'd.

'Twas Friendship's Hand that was the only Guide
 That led my *Cynthia* to your silent Bow'rs ;

'Twas

'Twas Friendship's Hand that innocently toy'd,
And grac'd her Bosom with your choicest Flow'rs.

'Twas Friendship call'd us to the purling Rill,
Where whispering Poplars on the Margin grow;
'Twas Friendship led us to the tow'ring Hill
To view the Landscape, and the Vales below.

But ah! too soon an unknown Passion grew,
Too soon I felt a pleasing-painful Smart;
The Goddess Friendship bid my Breast adieu,
And Tyrant-Love was Master of my Heart.

'Twas then fresh Beauties brighten'd on thy Face,
Each Limb with nicer Symmetry was wrought;
And too--too lovely was each finish'd Grace,
For Fancy's Pencil, or the Paint of Thought.

So fair thy Form---so blooming to the Sight,
So kind the Languor of thy radiant Eye,
That Age beheld thee with a warm Delight,
And youthful Shepherds with an amorous Joy.

Witness ye Dryads of this sacred Grove,
 How oft beneath your Oaks protending Arms,
 I told my solitary Tales of Love,
 And wearied Echo with my *Cynthia's* Charms.

'Twas then the Streams flow'd musical along,
 'Twas then the Meadows wore a richer Bloom,
 Each feather'd Warbler tun'd a sweeter Song,
 And ev'ry Gale was loaded with Perfume.

But now no more I taste your luscious Sweets,
 Ye chilly Grotto's! and ye roseate Bow'rs!
 No more ye Groves! I traverse your Retreats,
 To cull the choicest of your fragrant Flow'rs.

Far distant now from your sequester'd Shade,
 No more I wander jocund o'er the Plain,
 Harsh sounds the Chorus of the vocal Glade,
 And Zephirs bear their balmy Stores in vain.

No more the fringed Bank of gurgling Rill,
 The Forest waving from the Mountain's Height,

The

The Moss-grown Ruin, and the Heath-clad Hill,
Inspire the picturing Fancy with Delight.

Cans't thou then, *Cynthia*, doubt my Heart sincere,
Or Aught can lead my steady Thoughts astray?
Or dost thou think my Bosom is severe,
And villainously wishes to betray?

Have I not oft with silent-rapturous Gaze
Spoke Confirmation how my Heart approv'd?
Hast thou not seen me in Confusion's Maze,
When my Tongue told thee faltering that I lov'd?

Tho' I was oft in pleasing Dalliance blest,
How diffident, and fearful to offend!
But oh! the secret Tumults of my Breast,
To center there where all its Wishes tend.

Come then, my *Cynthia*--fairest--dearest Maid!
No longer leave thy Shepherd in Despair:
Nor let the full-blown Rose of Beauty fade,
"And waste its Sweetness in the desert Air."

Thus my fond Heart---a Stranger to Repose---
 Like a poor Bird, when hunted from her Nest,
 In drooping Melancholy tells its Woes,
 And hovers round its wonted Place of Rest.



To

* To a MARRIED LADY of injur'd CHARACTER.

*In Amore hæc omnia insunt Vitia : Injuriae,
Suspiciones, Inimicitiae, Induciae,
Bellum, Pax rursum.*—————TER.

LET not my Friend lament her hapless Fate,
Prone is the World to aggravate our Pain---
The Rage of puny Malice will abate,
If vanquish'd by the Weapons of Disdain.

Why should the Breast of Innocence repine?
Tho' threat'ning Clouds thy sweet *Serene* deform,
Thou, who art shelter'd by a Pow'r Divine,
May'st brave the Thunder, or the bursting Storm.

Few but have felt the Sting of Envy's Tongue,
“ He that woud free from Malice spend his Days,

* Wrote when the Person, to whom it is address'd, was cruelly separated from her Husband—an unhappy Circumstance entirely occasion'd by the malicious Suggestions of a few contemptible People—but their premeditated Designs were soon frustrated by the clearest Proofs of her Innocence, and she again cohabits with her Husband in the most perfect conjugal Harmony.

(Thus

(Thus *Pope* in envy'd Harmony has sung)

“ Must live obscure, and never merit Praise,”

Nature first form'd thee with each winning Grace,
With Charms might vie with Beauty's fanci'd Queen;
Stamp'd a vermilion Tint upon thy Face,
And blest thee with a Dignity of Mien.

Thy Mind, like *Eden's* cultivated Ground,
Was blooming, and estrang'd to Thorns of Strife,
Where Innocence diffus'd its Sweets around,
And Virtue flourish'd like the *Tree of Life*.

A numerous Offspring, and a plenteous Store,
The liberal Hand of Providence had giv'n,
Nor did thy sober Wishes crave for more,
Pleas'd with the Bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

In these soft Hours no Thought presag'd a Fall,
But smiling Union lessen'd every Care,
Smooth flow'd thy Comforts unallay'd with Gall,
Nor had thy Bosom ever known Despair.

How

How happy then thro' verdant Meads to stray !
Where rove the Heifers, and the milky Kine,
Where snowy Flocks in frisky Gambols play,
Tho' pure, and guiltless are their Lives like thine.

In early Dawn how sedulous to rise !---
Prudent, and active for thy household Weal,
Ere *Sol* had stream'd his Saffron through the Skies,
Or the sweet Lark had rung her matin Peal.

But now immur'd within the Walls of Grief,
Nature is sad, and mute the Voice of Joy :
No wonted Task affords a kind Relief
To stop the Tear, or dissipate the Sigh.

When late I saw thee in meridian Bliss,
One lovely Babe was dandling on thy Knee,
Another wishful climbing for the Kifs---
---The pleasing Types of Happiness, and thee !

Ah ! cease, ye scornful, when the Hand of Time
These Babes to full Maturity shall rear,

G

To

To wound *their* Peace with th' imputed Crime,
Or throw the baleful Arrow of a Sneer.

Methinks I hear thee in that happy Day,
Pour forth the Dictates of a Mother's Heart;
This pious Lesson to their Minds convey,
And every Wish of Tenderneſs impart.

‘ May you, my Boys, from Jealouſy be free,

‘ That dread Allay to all the Sweets of Life !

‘ And you, my Daughters, never feel like me,

‘ The piercing Anguiſh of domeſtic Strife.

‘ Woud you, my Children, taſte a Blifs ſincere,

‘ Let calm Diſcretion ever be obey'd ;

‘ Let Reaſon drop Inſtruction in your Ear,

‘ And Virtue's monitory Voice perſuade.

‘ Think that not all the Riches of the Eaſt,

‘ Can give Content, if once Content is loſt---

‘ Nor can the World give Pleaſure to the Breaſt,

‘ If for the World, your Conſcience is the Coſt.

--Alas !

---Alas ! how wretched is poor Woman's Fate !
 Tho' born to soften, and divide our Woe,
 Some Danger threatens her in every State,
 In every State poor Woman has a Foe.

Amidst the Triumphs of her virgin Years,
 When lur'd by Pleasure, and her syren Song,
 How oft alarm'd with palpitating Fears !
 How oft betray'd by Flattery's oily Tongue !

When fixt, and wedded to a specious Friend,
 Each lucid Hope with Ecstasy is crown'd,
 Till he, whom Heav'n appointed to defend,
 Is first to menace, and is first to wound.

Oh Jealousy !---thou Foe of deadliest Bane !---
 Thou to thyself dost Miseries impart,
 And, like the Miser, feel a keener Pain,
 The greater is the Treasure of thy Heart.

'Tis thine, like Darknes with *Aurora's* Light,
 To hold no Commerce with the Cherub-Peace,

To check the Fancy in her harmless Flight,
And bid the Joys of native Freedom cease.

Forbear to ken the Motion of the Eyes,
Forbear to watch the softly dimpling Smile;
Think not that Treachery in Ambush lies,
Or that the Features wear the Mask of Guile.

Fallacious oft the Judgment of the Sight!--

Here it is weak--imperfect--and confin'd,

And HE alone, that dwells in endless Light,

Can trace the dark Recesses of the Mind.

The *truly* virtuous---who to Heav'n are dear---

Who feel no Achs, or boding Fears within,

Are mindless oft how outward Deeds appear,

And Chearfulness is branded for a Sin;

Affur'd their Bosom is a sacred Court,

Where when aggriev'd they ever may appeal;

And when oppress'd can find a sure Support,

If Conscience gives the Sanction of her Seal.

Here

Here fixing then the Anchor of *thy* Trust,
 Leave it to Heav'n to mitigate thy Care;
 Heav'n ever looks with Favor on the just,
 And lifts them from the Horrors of Despair.



* On the Death of the Author's Sister, inscrib'd most respectfully to J--- H-LL Esq ;

*Qualis populeâ möerens Philomela sub Umbrâ
Flet Noctem, Ramoque sedens miserabile Carmen
Integrat*—————*VIRG.*

YON Sun that on the Mountain gleams,
And faintly cheers me with his Beams,
Ere long will vanish from my View,
And bid the slumbering World adieu,
Whilst Darkneſs with her pitchy Robe
Will ſilently enwrap the Globe :
Hence Nature, with the cloſing Day,
Ceases her Beauties to diſplay,
In dewy Tears laments her Fate,
And mourns as in a widow'd State---
The painted Flow'rs that deck the Meads,
Enclôſe their Sweets, and bow their Heads,

* See Note, Page 36.

The

The checquer'd Scene, the vernal Bloom,
 Is lost amidst the twilight Gloom,
 And not a Songster tunes his Lay
 To soothe the Pilgrim on his Way,
 Save *Philomel*, with plaintive Strain,
 Warbles to mitigate her Pain,
 And strikes the list'ning Ear of Night
 With sweet---but dolorous Delight.

So *Anna* when she left this Clime,
 To range beyond the Bounds of Time,
 Left my poor Heart with Grief oppress'd,
 And scatter'd Darkness through my Breast;
 And not alone *my* Heart was mov'd,
 A thousand Hearts rever'd, and lov'd:---
 Each Swain beheld with raptur'd Eyes,
 Her fair meridian Glories rise,
 And wept the dear Enchantress gone,
 As Nature weeps the setting Sun.

One hapless Swain---a plighted Youth
 Of sacred Love, of sacred Truth,
 When *Anna* fled, forsook this Strand,
 And weeps her in a foreign Land ;
 Methinks I see his down-cast Eye,
 Methinks I hear his deep-fetch'd Sigh,
 As pensive by the mournful Grove,
 He pours these Strains of genuine Love.

' Ah ! what avails that ev'ry Grace
 ' Adorns the Virgin's splendid Face ?
 ' That Nature, with intent to please,
 ' Forms her with Elegance and Ease ?
 ' Since pallid Sickness may surprize,
 ' And Death obscure the brightest Eyes---
 ' Since thou, my *Anna*, art away,
 ' How tedious flies the dreary Day !
 ' For thou wast Life, and Light to *me*,
 ' Vain shines the Sun that shews not thee.'

Dear Fellow-Mourner !---hapless Youth !---
 Great was thy Love, and great thy Truth ;

Great

Great was thy Grief---but greater sure
A Brother's Bosom must endure,
 Hence Tears for ever---ever flow---
 ---Tears of unutterable Woe!
 The languid Flow'rs of Fancy fade,
 The Heart-felt Rapture is decay'd,
 Sadness fits brooding on my Soul,
 And heavily my Moments roll;
 No genial Comforts intervene,
 To cheer me thro' the darksome Scene,
 Save that the fluttering-feeble Muse,
 A tranfient Succour can infuse,
 When Midnight's fable Horrors reign,
 And Silence refts upon the Plain.
 Oh! cou'd my Voice, with Notes divine,
 Warble, fweet *Philomel*, like thine,
 * Or cou'd I, *Anna*, catch the Lay
 That harmoniz'd *thy* closing Day,

* Alluding to her finging a few Hours before her Death in a Manner peculiarly striking.

When Angels (to whom Charge was giv'n
 To bear thee to the Joys of Heav'n,)
 Bid thy departing Soul aspire
 In 'Strains symphonious to their Choir,
 Where kindred Seraphs grateful sing
 Eternal Praises to their King,
 And hail blest Spirits to the Shore,
 Where Pain shall never wound them more.
 Oh! cou'd my Voice, with Notes divine,
 Warble in Unison with thine,
 Thy Praise, my *Anna*, shou'd arise,
 Above the Earth, and reach the Skies,
 Upon the Wings of Fame shou'd fly,
 And, like thy Virtue---never die.



An

An ANACREONTIC ODE. To Miss -----
 inviting her to a Morning Walk in the Spring.

HASTE, my *Cynthia*, haste away,
 Let us now keep Holiday:

Let us on the upland Lawn
 Hail the gently rising Dawn.
 Now the Air, serene, and calm,
 Softly breathes delicious Balm,
 And the Morn, with tuneful Voice,
 Bids the inmost Soul rejoice.
 Let us then together stray,
 Where the bleating Lambkins play,
 Listen as we range along
 To the Black-bird's chearful Song,
 And with Peace, and smiling Mirth,
 Mark the Prime of Nature's Birth.
 What has *Cynthia's* Breast to fear?
 Innocence is Guardian *there*;

Innocence

Innocence a Safety yields
 Better than a thousand Shields:
 Mindless then of Slander's Tongue,
 Let us, *Cynthia*, range along;
 Heedless of approaching Night,
 Whilst the Morn of Life is bright,
 Let us press the velvet Bed,
 Where the *Crocus* rears its Head,
 And in sacred Silence prove
 All the chaste Delights of Love.
 Haste, my *Cynthia*, haste away,
 Let us now keep Holiday:
 See yon Nymph of heavenly Mein,
 Walking on the radiant Green,
 Mark her slow, her stately Pace,
 Easy Form, and lovely Face;
 View her in her rich Array,
 Deck'd as on a bridal Day:
 'Tis the *Spring*---celestial Maid!
 Pointing to the blossom'd Shade:

Now

Now, ye Virgins ! and ye Swains !
Tune your sweet, your artless Strains,
And ye woodland Warblers sing !
Welcome to the beauteous *Spring*.

See she scatters as she comes
Mingled Flow'rs, and rosy Blooms ;
Infant Breezes round her play,
Murmuring Floods bedew her Way,
Kindly rolls her azure Eye,
Streaming with Excess of Joy,
Loosely floats her verdant Vest,
Mark oh ! mark her heaving Breast.
Haste, my *Cynthia*, haste away,
Let us now keep Holiday :
Time is ever on the Wing,
Youth is but a short-liv'd *Spring*,
Wintry Age will soon invade,
And with Snow the Temples shade ;
Let us then our Time improve
With the dear Delights of Love.

F I N I S.

Now, ye Virgins! and ye Swains!
Tune your sweet, your artless strains,
And ye woodland Warblers sing!
Welcome to the beauteous Spring!
See the fountains as the comes
Mingled flow'rs, and rosy blooms;
Infant breezes round her play,
Murmuring floods bedew her way,
Kindly rolls her azure eye,
Stunning with Excess of joy,
Loosely floats her verdant vest,
Marked oh! mark her beaming breast!
Hail, my Cynthia, hail away,
Let us now keep Holiday;
Time is over on the wing,
Youth is but a passing thing,
Wintry Age will soon be old,
And with snow the Temples shroud;
Let us then our Time improve,
With the dear Delights of Love!



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IT may perhaps not be improper to acquaint the Reader, that these Poems (if they may be call'd Poems) are the Author's *first* Essay, that most of them were wrote when he was about twenty Years of Age, and that they are now published at the Request of a few Friends who were pleas'd to honour them with their Approbation.---

Tho' the Author is sensible that these are Excuses which many a Son of Dullness has offer'd, yet he hopes they are of such a Nature, when founded upon Truth, that *Criticism* will consider them with Candor, and that in the midst of her Terrors (if he may be allowed the Expression) she will remember Mercy.

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